

be induced to decoy the Hun into a trap and the Smoke Man¹ might easily be employed in putting up a barrage to cover the movements of our own troops. We have been told that the Chief Camouflage Officer of the British Army once arranged the scenery of the Metropolitan Grand Opera in New York, and surely the more delicate screen work might be done under his direction by the Fancy Trimmer, who in civil life found his delight in "slashes," with the Miniature Painter from Baker Street as his *aide*. The Antique Chair Maker could furnish officers' messes at the front, with the help of the Table Decorator at the Crystal Palace. Surely there is work up in the trenches for the Man who takes "Squeaky" out of Boots. He might follow his craft before the men go "over the top" on a raid so that the element of surprise might be more complete. The Circus Proprietor and the Conjuror could readily arrange entertainments for the troops when out "in rest." The Jam Boiler, too, could try his hand at "plum-and-apple."

In one hut we had at the same time together an extraordinary group of men from widely separated parts of the Empire, and we were made to have a very lively sense of distance. There was the Vigneron from Australia, whose work, minus the association with molluscs, was similar, we suppose, to that of the Oyster and Cellar Man who laboured beneath Regent Street for the benefit of the guests in the Café Royal above. Then there were side by side the Bath Attendant on a P. and O. boat, who loved to tell how he had "laved and abluted" some of the world's most famous globe-trotters, and the young British West Indian Fisherman from the Island of St. Lucia, who, as he said, did not speak French, but *patois*, and replied in the affirmative to questions of his M.O., "Waay, mon Capitaine." Across in the other row of beds lay close together the Farm Servant from Inverness and the Employee of the German Government Harbour Commission at Samoa, who said, "Oh yes, everybody knows about Mr. Stevenson." Farther down towards the other end of the hut the Cypriot

¹ *i.e.*, on the rafters of a bacon factory.